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Fresh Coat

by [kailiff](#)

Summary

When you're dating someone whom is neither a boy nor a girl, what do you call xem?

Notes

hello happy zemyx day here is a drabble epilogue for chipped nail polish!!!!!! i should be uploading another drabble later today as well. i hope you enjoy!!! c:

i have a [tumblr](#)

“Hey, Zex, I’m your boyfriend, right?”

Demyx was lounging sprawled on Zexion’s couch, leaving Zexion xemself no room whatsoever. He stared up at the ceiling, studying the ridges of the cracking plaster. Zexion stared at him.

“Uh, yes? I thought we established this a while ago,” xe said.

The blond turned on his side to look at Zexion, whom was kneeling in front of a cabinet of DVDs, neck craned to look at Demyx. It was movie night, and he had let Zexion pick the movie, despite knowing full well that xe had a rather unconventional taste in film. Half of the cabinet was old noir films, the other half a mishmash of horror-thrillers and feel-good indie romcoms.

“Well, I’m your boyfriend because I’m a boy. But you’re not anything in particular, so what does that make you?”

With a sigh, Zexion lowered xemself onto xyr butt and turned to face Demyx completely. “I don’t know. Aren’t there gender-neutral terms already?”

“A lot of gender-neutral terms don’t really seem to fit you. Like, you’re not exactly my ‘partner’ or ‘lover.’ Those just sound weird.” Demyx flopped around on the couch, trying to find a better position for optimal cuddling once Zexion joined him. “Like, partner sounds like you’re a cowboy.”

“We could make one up,” Zexion offered. Xe finally picked something random out of the cabinet and placed in in the DVD player without actually looking at what it was. Didn’t matter, though, since it was from xyr personal collection anyway.

“Hmmm,” Demyx mused as Zexion stood and padded over to him. Xe watched him, brow raised and hands akimbo. The DVD menu screen came up, playing some track from the movie, along with random dialog. “Everything I’m thinking of is too cutesy.”

Zexion laughed. “Like what?” xe asked, turning and walking into the kitchen as the menu screen looped.

“I was trying to go with the boyfriend-girlfriend thing and I thought maybe datefriend? But as cute as you are, I think that’s *too* cute.”

“Disgusting.”

“See? I knew it.”

A few minutes later, Zexion walked back into the living room with a bowl of popcorn. The menu screen had already looped multiple times, and honestly hearing the same line of dialog repeated a dozen times made it hard for Demyx to think of more terms.

“Come up with anything else?” Zexion asked, placing the bowl on the coffee table.

“Yeah, I think I came up with the perfect one,” Demyx said, sitting up a bit. He stared directly at Zexion, his face completely neutral, before bursting out with a heavy Russian accent. “My comrade!”

Zexion’s jaw dropped as Demyx cackled, clutching his stomach and nearly falling off the couch. The next thing Demyx knew, he felt the weight of a body on him. Zexion had plopped down on him, face buried in his chest, and xe was shaking.

“Zexy?”

Zexion lifted xyr face, bright red, tears prickling the corners of xyr eyes, laughing so hard xe had fallen over. “It’s perfect!”

“Holy shit, really? I was sorta just kidding,” Demyx said, snorting.

“I know, but it’s too funny.” Xe rested xyr chin on his chest. “Honestly, Demyx, I don’t care what you call me. Call me whatever you want, but just know, if you call me your comrade I’m probably going to laugh.”

“I remember Stalin days,” Demyx continued, Russian accent booming. “It was white, like snow.”

“Oh my god, stop,” Zexion wheezed, burying xyr face in Demyx’s chest again, trying and failing to suppress xyr laughter. “Please, let’s watch the movie.”

“Whatever you say, comrade.”

Demyx reached over to hit play on the remote and grab the bowl of popcorn. He propped the popcorn on the small of Zexion’s back, despite Zexion’s warning’s that ‘I will kill you if you drop popcorn in my hair’. Demyx honestly had no idea what they were watching other than the main character was your stereotypical skinny white guy in an indie coming-of-age film, but it was good nonetheless. And he didn’t get any popcorn in Zexion’s hair.

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